october 7, 1999

# crown

volume 17, issue 2

## INSIDE

**features:**
MEN IN TIGHTS
CLUB SPORTS
&
THE FUNNY PAGE

# F.R.O.G. OLYMPICS

## a waste of mud?

*a composium of student thought*

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We all need to let loose and be kids again every now and then. The first years had an afternoon of childish freedom to start of the semester: throwing mud, hula hooping, slip 'n' sliding, bobbing for apples, and pouring chocolate milk into a cup (or all over a teammate's shirt—sorry, Jody!). The highlight was definitely getting covered in mud in the mud pit. After showering and changing, I realized that the main difference between being kids and being at Redeemer is that we had to clean up all the dirt we tracked into the house...but it was worth it! (Judith Byl)

If forced to choose, the "dish soap and water" slide was by far my favorite event at FROG Olympics. True, the mud pit had it's attraction- losing yourself under a layer of mud harkens back to the blissful days of childhood, but a waterslide that cleans you as you go still ranks number one on my list of F.R.O.G. activities. (Ruth Reitsma)

I had fun. People did all sorts of stuff. I got to eat an apple. At first I thought they wanted it back so I ran. My friend, his name is RA, told me that I could keep it. He runs fast and talks to himself. I was happy. I played in mud. Lots of people did. But no one yelled. I think it was ok. I got mud in my eye. Then I had a nap. (Ralph Wiggum)

Childish games...why am I being forced to participate in these silly initiations against my will? I suppose I have to come out, even for so pathetic a reason as not disappointing my FROG team. Uh oh. I thought it would be humiliating, but these games - aren't they taking things to a bit of an extreme?! Funny - as I move through the stations, I find myself getting more and more into it...by the time I reach the mud pit, I'm yelling my head off. Crazy. I can't believe I'm having FUN! Childish games...! (James Brink)

My roommate Alida and I were really excited about participating in Redeemer's Frog Olympics. Everyone promised that it would be so much fun, especially playing tug-of-war in the mud pit. I wasn't so sure that part would be fun, but Alida was all for it. When the day arrived we happened to come a little late, and I found my team already covered in mud and finished the tug-of-war game. Later on, everyone seemed drawn back toward the mud pit, but since I was still clean I didn't know quite how to join in the fun. All of a sudden, I heard a holler behind me and realized Alida had decided it wouldn't be quite fair if I didn't get at least a little dirty. Screaming, we tumbled into the mud and proceeded to slip and slide around with everyone else. In retrospect, I have to admit that this was the best part; FROG Olympics just isn't the same if you don't get dirty! (Karen Vyn)

# NEXT TIME : FOOD!

COFFEE cafeteria twigs & berries Soda Pop foodstore steak vitamins junk water HEALTH SALAD CANDY

GOT MILK?
GOT AN OPINION?
GOT SOMETHING TO SAY?
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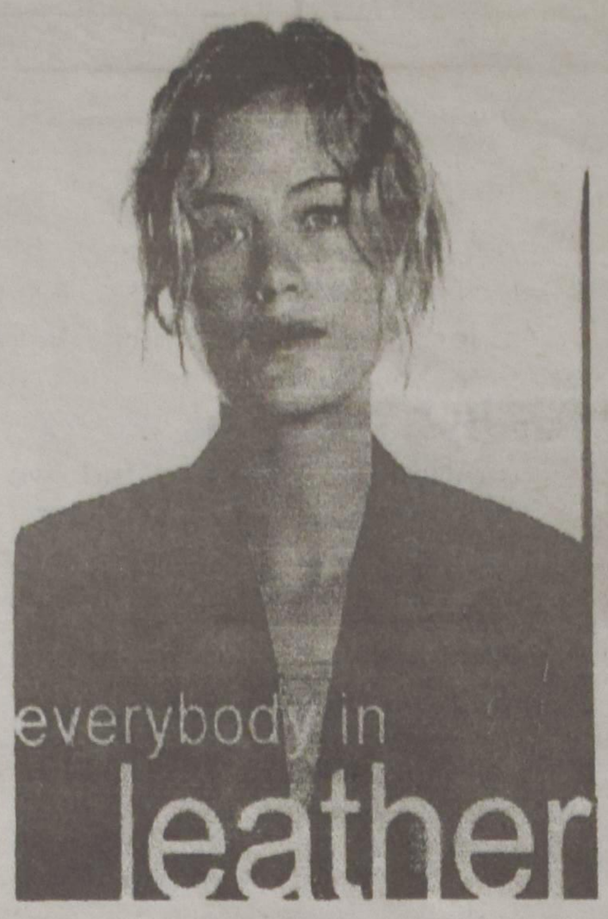

ang reitsma

"For every generation there's a Gap." Donald Fisher's wife came up with this slogan for the opening of the first Gap store in San Francisco, 1969. The Gap/gapKids/babyGap/Banana Republic/Old Navy clothing line has become a multi-national corporation that grossed a net profit of over $9 billion dollars in 1998. The Fisher family also currently owns the last 220, 000 acres of ancient redwood trees, outside of government owned parks, in Mendocino County, California, and in the much debated logging deal known as the Timber Harvest Plan have been clearcutting these irreplaceable trees for their own profit. Every big corporation has their dirty little secrets. But to be honest, what's hidden behind the closed doors of plush offices worries me less at the moment than what's revealed in the faces of Gap models and on giant signs. The slogan for the Gap in 1969 might have originally been a clever play on a common phrase at the time, but it has become today a frightening order: "Everybody in leather."

Chant-like, homogenous people sing together on TV commercials for the Gap, choreographed perfectly and proving to you that hey, everybody is in leather. Before that it was everybody in cargo, everybody in cords. This is too close to an ultimatum for me. And then there's the terribly clever variation, in babyGap stores, "Every baby in leather." Does anyone see a problem with this? They're demanding uniformity, advocating a standardized look for absolutely everyone. A whole-body makeover available in 1, 800 outlets in Canada, the States, France, Germany, Japan and the United Kingdom. Gap Online makes spending $46 dollars on a sweater even easier, and here all your urgent questions about the Gap can also be answered, such as "do they have this shirt in my size?" and "how can my child be a babyGap model?"

Trends have always been dictated, to some extent, by clothing stores. There's the age-old debate regarding how much mass media influences the public, or public the media. Because clothing ourselves is such a public action, we place a lot of importance on it in our society. And we can draw conclusions about more than just clothes if we look first at how the fashion world works.

I was having a discussion with a friend last week about the increasing lack of distinction between the sexes. This ties in with the marketing tactics of the Gap, they are certainly vying for a society that is as homogenous as possible. Their billboards, stores and commercials portray dozens of unsmiling models dressed interchangeably, staring coldly into the camera at the public as if searching for those not yet 'in leather.' They're selling a uniform. . . but it's more than just the clothes one puts on. In convincing everyone to 'wear leather' they are discouraging all forms of individuality, smothering variety, crushing anything unique or different or interesting. It's almost a form of brainwashing, their advertising regime, because it's like they're saying "Okay. . .one two three everybody ready? NOW: everyone in leather, good." This really does scare me more than the redwood forests they're desecrating or the sordid family details of the Fishers, because this affects me and everyone I know. As a member, willing or not, of the young, middle-class North American society, I am part of the target market of the Gap and stores like it. I am one of the people supposed to be dancing to the tune the Gap models sing. Yet how can any of us cover up our God-given individuality by giving into mass-consumer marketing? Conforming to the ways of the world, beginning with something small, something cheap, something secret. So buy your leather from the Gap. But eventually, it's not that small, it's huge; it's not cheap but horribly expensive; and it's not secret either, it's terribly obvious. Because if the Gap, with a few attractive models and catchy songs, can so easily persuade you in and out of certain clothes, who else are you going to listen to? One of my friends used to say 'if you don't stand for something you'll fall for anything.' So I think that "AVOID THE GAP" should be more than, perhaps, a sign across the tracks in subway stations. Because I don't want to live in a world where, if the Gap had its way, every body and baby and soul would be clad in the current command.

**IF THE GAP CAN PERSUADE YOU SO EASILY, WHO ELSE ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO?**

c

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crown

*"We're all brothers under the skin, and I, for one, would be willing to skin all of humanity to prove it"* Ayn Rand

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crown is published by students but is dedicated to the entire Redeemer College community.

# DEMOCRACY DOES NOT WORK

al bick

Democracy.

This is supposed to be the form of government that ensures that our rights will not be abused, that the people get their say about how the government will operate. Sadly, this is not true. Let me explain why.

The ruling party in Canada, whether we are talking federal or provincial, almost never gets elected by a majority, let alone an overwhelming majority. About 40% of the vote is closer to reality. And this is only the wishes of those who actually trundle their bodies out to the voting stations, where a 60% turnout is incredible. The ruling party has only about 24% of the votes.

This is supposed to be the will of the people? The government that decides everything for us has the backing of a quarter of the population. And this is only at the time the election took place, based on what the party said it will try to do to make this a country overflowing with milk and honey. There is nothing written down anywhere that says the party has to stand by what they promised. They can promise anything they want and then do anything they want when elected. The only thing holding them in check is public opinion. And that can only rear its head every 3 to 5 years.

**THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE?**

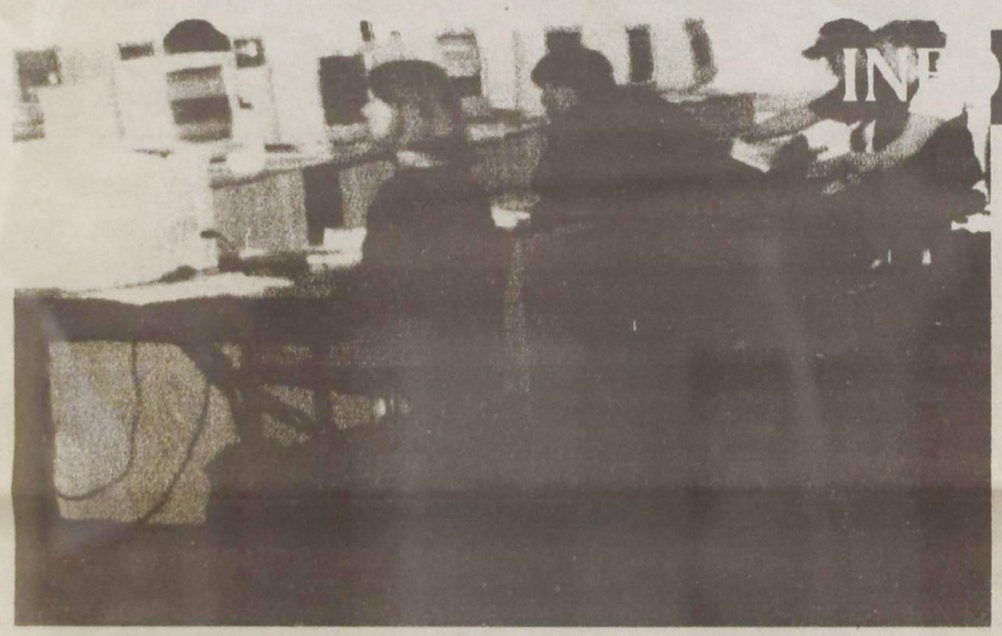
Let's back up a bit. The promises that the party uses to be elected don't even have to work. As long as people think their platform will work, that's all that matters. We have amateurs promising the world, and we have amateurs voting on it. We have a government that has the backing of a quarter of the population because of theories and promises that are made by amateurs and evaluated by amateurs.

It gets worse. This government is only allowed to rule for four years. This means that by the end of their reign, they have to be able to manipulate the situation so that the voters will once again vote for them. This usually means throwing gobs of money at problems and people so we will think that the government is doing a good job. Or at the very least, placating the general populace with bread and circuses so we don't complain and revolt.

But this doesn't solve anything. We all know it doesn't work, but we don't do anything about it. We don't get involved in issues beyond debates over coffee. We don't write, we don't protest, we don't vote. We have a voice but fail to use it.

We watch Jerry Springer and laugh at ourselves. Democracy works; it is us that fails to.

# INFORMATION UPDATE FROM THE LAB



Welcome back students! Those of you who were here last year will notice two new faces in Information Services this year. Tony Wiersma looks after our Audio Visual needs, and Anthony Schmidt is the resident Windows NT expert. There are also new phones with voice mail lamps in your dorms. We had to replace the phone system since our old one had reached it's maximum capacity. You'll notice that we no longer have long distance through ACC, but with Primus. ACC got split up between Primus and AT&T last spring, and we are still experiencing some fall out from that. Most notably when calling overseas. I hope to have this resolved when we finish the move from AT&T to Primus for all of our long distance service.

This year we made a concerted effort to set up Ethernet cards for students in a timely fashion. It's my hope that everyone has been satisfied with the level of service. Now that the demand for network setup is tapering off, we can switch our attention back to the computer lab. On order are several more tables so that we can set up another 10 PC's. The final count will be 28 when we are finished. At that point we hope to have both printers working reliably. The major hurdle right now is that every time we look at the computers in the lab, they've been changed. What we've noticed is programs and printer drivers disappear, icons go missing, screen savers and background images mysteriously get installed. This causes much strife for students who rely on the computer lab for their assignments. We've been asking around and it appears that no-one is actually responsible for the changes to the lab PC's. My personal theory is that the computers are managing to make these changes by themselves without human intervention. It had to happen eventually, we've finally put enough information onto the computers that they've become intelligent and view Information Services staff as their adversaries in some sort of electronic holy war. If you notice any unusual behavior in the lab computers please let Tony, Anthony, or me know about it so that we can solve this once and for all. In the mean time our plan is to yet again reformat the machines and re-install all of the software, this we do three times throughout the academic year.

Now that we are almost halfway through the semester it's time to remind everyone who uses the computer lab to keep 2 copies of their important files, preferably on separate floppies! We've already had people lose their only copy of an important assignment to a bad floppy. Also remember to save your hard work to disk BEFORE you attempt to print it off. As some of you are painfully aware, computers can be crash prone, and once the computer has crashed, we cannot recover any file which wasn't saved first. If you still refuse to save your work, and the computer crashes please yell at yourself first before you decide to get angry at the Information Services Staff, I'm afraid you may not get much sympathy.

Please note: we don't claim to have all the answers. If you have a suggestionfor making things better, or streamlining operations in our computer operation, or maybe you have found out about a new exploit for our system security please feel free to drop me a line.

Now for the big news. We are changing Internet providers. For the last 5 years our Internet access has been provided by ONET networking based in Toronto. We are switching to NetAccess of Hamilton, who will provide the routing for us, and Hamilton Hydro who provides the fibre-optic network to the campus. Once the cut over is complete we will begin construction of dial up access for off campus students. Right now we are awaiting the final design for the hardware setup. Once complete it will be another 2 to 3 weeks before implementation is finished. I wish I could give you an exact date, but I don't have one yet.

Chris Knowles
cknowles@redeemer.on.ca

## Let The Government Help You

joe haveman

What a nice city Kingston must be to live in. A city with thousands of students going to Queens, Saint Lawrence and RMC. One with a prison that held Canadian media success Karla Homolka. There's the maximum security men's prison and the youth detainment centre, Beechgrove. One of the two hospitals is to be shut down. More money could be spent on our highways than our health. How much more pleasant can Kingston get?

Forget the high rate of heroin abuse and the Nazi problem, there is one other institution that I haven't mentioned. Kingston Psychiatric Hospital. You know, that place the government puts those crazies. In our society we can't afford to have potentially dangerous people running about. People whose attitudes and opinions aren't socially norm.

I am reminded of a young man I met named Dean. He has schizophrenia. The government feeds Dean drugs to keep him inside his apartment where he will do no harm. Each hit of these drugs would be like taking a shot of heroine. Dean is thus rendered psychologically useless and can barely take care of himself. Schizophrenics are rarely dangerous people. I have to ask why such great lengths are taken to subdue him.

I'll never forget when my mom and I were in Kingston in the twelfth year of my life. We were going to meet some friends after she visited a client in Kingston Psych. Her client's name was Dennis, a manic depressive with a developmental handicap whom she wanted to get out of the hospital. I was very excited as I walked through the large corridors of a real live nut house. That's when we met Dennis. He was a big man whose misery quickly shone. As he saw my mother from the end of the hallway he ran and called her name. When he got to her, she threw her arms around him and he cried.

"Alice, I hate it here. I hate it, hate it, hate it,"he cried as she consoled him.

I was quite awestruck. Ironically, he was wearing a sweater designed to look just like the Canadian flag. Did he realize that he wore the name of the country whose government was responsible for this misery? Or was this standard hospital wardrobe issued to brainwash the patients into loving their country? Is that what mental health is really about? Isolating those who are different?

I went to the lounge while she talked with him and got into a game of pool with a patient. I figured he would be a pushover. He could barely speak, couldn't stand up straight, and I had been a pool shark when I was younger. There was nothing else to do in Madoc while growing up. I played four games with the patient, and sunk two balls in the six shots that I had. My mothers explanation for his incredible ability: "He has probably been in there his whole life and played for six hours a day." Wow.

My mom told me that just before I was born, in her first year at Loyalist College, she dropped out of her program because it required her to work in a psychiatric hospital. Apparently the conditions were unbearable for her to witness. Patients being beaten, and treated worse than animals.

Some years later I landed a summer job at the Madoc Retraining Centre. When Picton Heights (the hospital my mom had worked at) closed down, most of the patients were sent to the Retraining Centre. I worked with seniors who did have developmental challenges to overcome, but the biggest problem idiots, and because I cared for the clients, they didn't care much for me. That's how it seemed to me.

How much is authority abused? How many people have to be detained in rooms, or prisons because that's society's easiest solution? I am not suggesting a Clockwork Orange treatment of prisoners, but common criminality breeds criminals. Justice isn't a code, it's the attitude of authority. I don't just speak from the perspective of watching the inhumanity of others being detained, but I talk from my own experience..

After my car accident the police told me that I was lucky that I didn't get nailed for drinking. How was I lucky if I wasn't guilty? But before any real tests went down, they pushed me around, shoved me, swore at me, and didn't even give me a chance to see if my friends were okay. They threw me over the hood and started to rub their hands all over me looking for something, I don't know what, touching my genitals and flashing their big lights in my face. Telling me that I will have a criminal record to scare me. There was no justice in what happened that night as they tried to turn all my friends against me, and I against them.

What's this arrogant attitude people have today where they actually think that we have got it right now. For thousands of years authority was corrupt and abusive but now we are all okay. How can the children of hippies seriously believe that brutality doesn't exist? Lack of recognition makes it worse than ever. Dennis cries because his misery isn't cured inside a mental hospital. The prisoners are finally freed from Picton Heights, and they are still treated poorly. The police push those around who aren't card carrying Conservatives or don't drive Beamers. The hate just grows bigger. Maybe the police, doctors, prison wardens, and government officials, are just doing their jobs but their jobs are the problem. We pay society's army to brutalize, confine, pillage and molest our lives. To make us pay ridiculous fines in the name of law and order. (Justice is a quota for how many speeding tickets must be given out a month).

I've been arrested, I've been psychiatrically assessed, I've seen what these conditions are like and I despise what is considered justice. The next time I am arrested I might spit in the cops face so they forgo beating me and go straight on to shooting me. Better to be shot then spend one more night bleeding on a cell floor while being told I am a criminal and have no rights. I am not a criminal. I am a Christian. I look different, and think different, which means they will soon feed me Dean's pills while I rot in some psychiatric ward. Why? Because there's no justice and no such thing as freedom once you oppose the state.

Is that why everyone conforms to government, and business's agendas, or is it because they are more concerned with the pleasure they can feed themselves?

CHEERS TO THAT.

## Door security

You may have recently noticed a new face every time you entered or exited the building during the evening this week. This new person, a special security officer, is one of the new measures instituted by the college to promote a secure atmosphere in the academic building and on campus. At first glance this new position might seem quite useless and a waste of the college's money, but when looked at again, it is an important and needed position.

It is important to note that most universities and public buildings have security guards at their entrances. The guards at these institutions do the same job that this guard will do: monitor the incoming flow of guests into the building and guard against posssible thefts or vandalism of the school's property.

Furthermore, because this guard will be on duty every evening from 5 til midnight, they can provide a constant and trusted place to go any time someone is in distress or notices anything suspicious or dangerous. They are also a direct link to other security guards, who can escort students, staff and visitors to their cars or dorms in the evening, or provide help in a number of emergency situations.

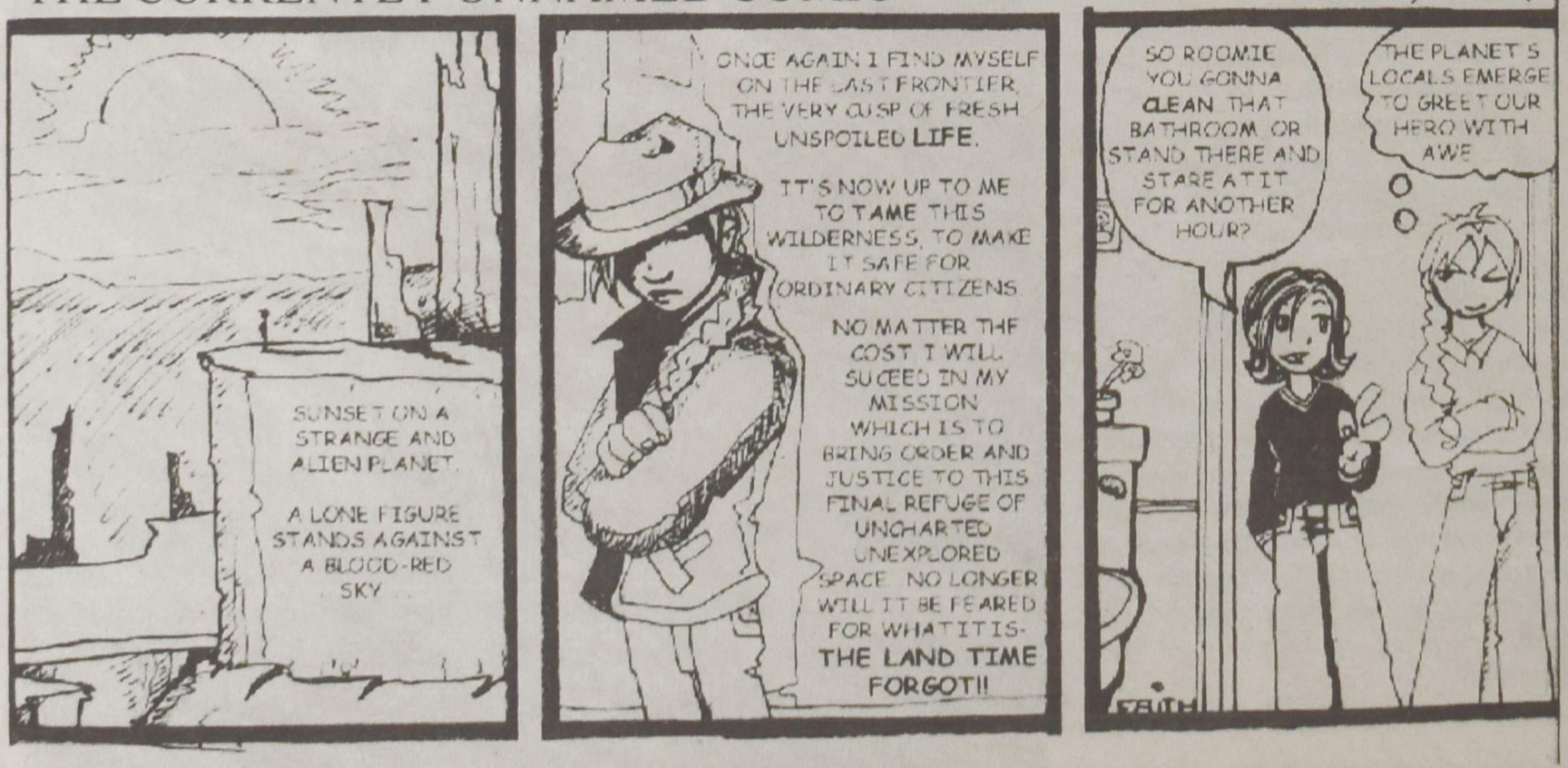
This new security guard is for the benefit of us all. You may not think this person is necessary now, but in the case of an attempted crime or emergency in the school building this officer will be of great use.

Lets all make this campus a better place to live.

Jason Zuidema
Redeemer College
Security Guard

## THE CURRENTLY UNNAMED COMIC

Faith Hicks



# A Citizen Votes... Or Maybe Not?

by james brink

Redeemer students are a responsible lot. They have such a strong sense of duty and responsibility to their country. Such a desire to let their voice be heard, to make their vote count in the grand process of representative democracy. That is what an informal survey recently taken would suggest. A full ninety-two percent of students claimed that they would be voting in our next federal election. Four percent said they would not, and another four percent were undecided.

It would seem that Redeemer is doing much better than the national average for voter turnout. Yet, I have some misgivings. Voting is a both a right and a privilege - but many people forget that it carries some baggage. The night before elections:

*"Hey dear, who are we gonna vote for?"*

*"I dunno."*

*"Well, we gotta vote for somebody!"*

*"Just make sure it isn't that leftist liberal prick."*

Exercising your right to vote is more than just showing up. It's more than voting for whoever claims to be standing on a conservative family-values platform - if there is any of those left in Canada. A real vote takes *research*. An uninformed electorate is a menace to our country.

Sometimes a serious look at the issue will give you some serious surprises. Maybe that Liberal candidate has some moral fiber. Perhaps that Conservative or Reformer believes in running the country via opinion polls rather than real leadership. What if you have to *refuse the ballot!?* There's a novel idea. Our country happens to have a lack of vision and leadership. Taking the time to show up at the polls, and then giving your ballot back to the returning officer may be the only way of demonstrating your revulsion at the sight of some so-called candidates. Forget supporting what some call the "lesser of two evils." A lesser evil is still evil.

It's about time Christians examined what it means to be *citizens* instead of allowing themselves to be numbered tenants of a residential address. When election time rolls around, inform yourself, weigh the merits (or lack thereof) of the candidates, and voice yourself. Shout out what is right.

c

# Men in Tights

by shane pennells

When I was young, I used to play with action figures. Or as the female population of Redeemer might call them, dolls. I never collected GI Joes that much. I had a few, but most of them were wrecked back in 1987 when I did my recreation of D-Day. Using a lot of mud, a wading pool, and a modified BB gun, the little plastic figures were blown up all over the place, like something from *Saving Private Ryan*, but never mind that. And yes, *Private Ryan* is one of my favorite movies, right behind *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Superman*, and *Star Wars*.

I did collect other figures, mainly the old Kenner Super-Powers DC Comic figures. I had most of the set. Since then, my four nephews have gotten a hold of them. Some aren't exactly in the same condition; Batman is now the perfect candidate for wheelchair basketball and Superman doesn't have a head anymore, but it's the memories that count, right? I can say there is one good thing about my nephews playing with the figures: at least they aren't going to go looking for the unopened Superman, Batman, and Robin that I have sealed, locked and buried underneath the shed out back.

Because of my nephew's incessant desire to destroy all the great comic book heroes of my youth, I had to replace some figures. Okay, so when I replaced Superman I went a bit overboard. Okay, so adding another 174 figures is overdoing it, but it's the thought that counts, right?

I brought some of the figures I hid from my nephews to Redeemer. Looking at my favorite figure, a 1995 Superman which suspiciously looks like Nicolas Cage, I wonder why I am so enamored with the whole idea of superheroes.

If you're still not convinced that I love superheroes, my favorite work of fiction is a novel that tells about Superman turning his back on his duties and the following consequences. Hey, come on over to Dorm 5 and ask to see the shelves over my desk if you still don't believe me. Above my CD's are two shelves of comic book and movie stuff.

Why do I find these characters so interesting? Most of them aren't too bright. Think about it: these are big, strong men running around in tights with their underwear on the outside. They also have to have "man" after their name. SuperMAN, BatMAN, SpiderMAN, Captain AMERICA. Um, forget that last one. As if we would confuse a man who is 6'3" and 225Lbs for woman. Okay, that might happen if you're in the WWF, but that's a whole other discussion.

I tried to come up with reasons why I like them so much. Is it because they are always having grand, epic adventures? Maybe. Could it be because they look good in tights? Um, never mind. Or maybe I'm just a hopeless sucker for big, romantic fantasies. Maybe that's it. Then again, no.

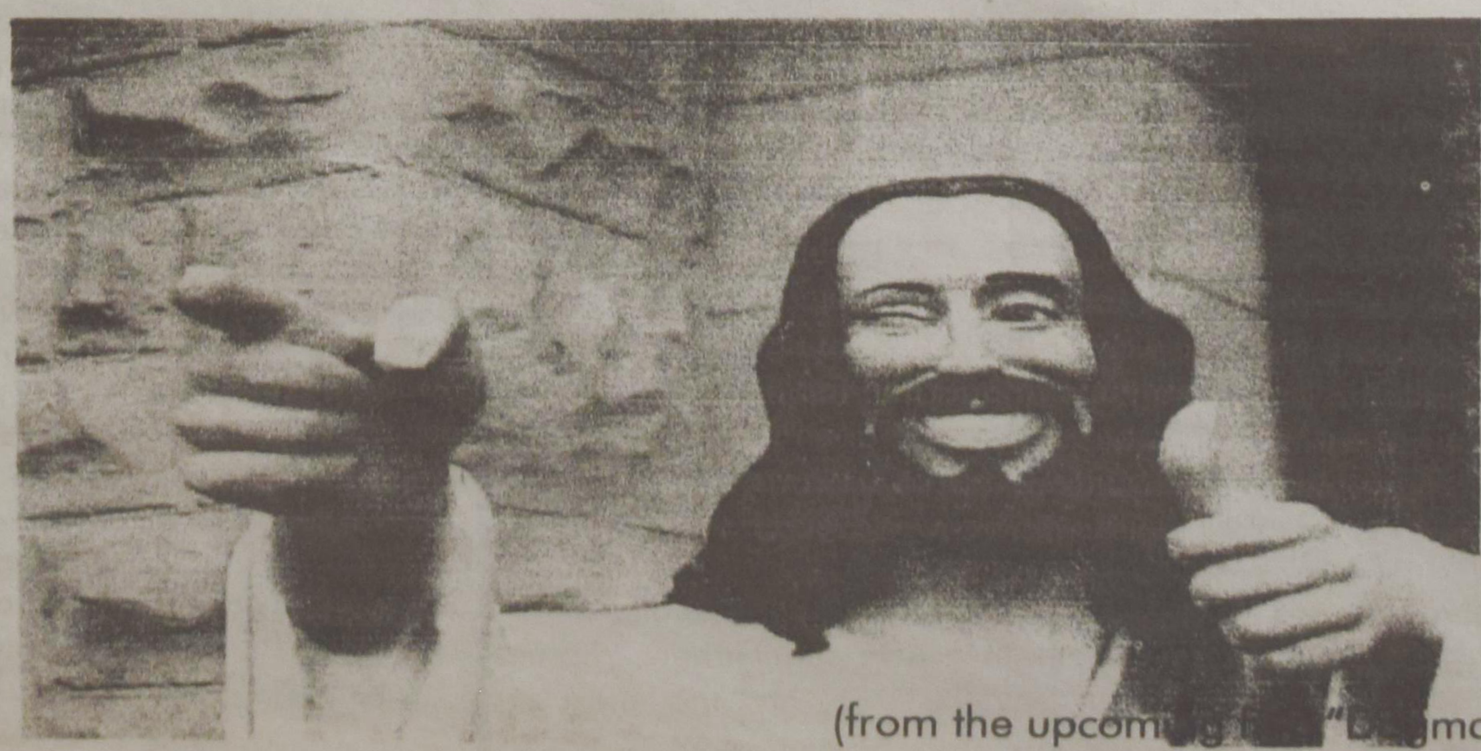
I figure it is because we are all looking for someone to lead us. We are all looking for those who will sacrifice all for what they believe. We are looking for heroes. Some of us say that to be a hero you have to save someone from a horrible incident, like a fire, or car crash, or from paying too much income tax. I say that's false. I say we can all be heroes, just by opening the door, or helping someone carry their books- just by going that extra mile for someone without asking for something in return.

If you're wondering where this is going, I have no idea. Oh, wait. I found it.

Now, I figure that if we as a society put our minds to something, we can accomplish anything. Now some of you might say that is getting to encamped with the ideas of Mirandola, or to a lesser extent Machiavelli, but I say that we can. We have sent men to the depths of the ocean and to the surface of the moon. We can see individual atoms, and distant galaxies. Yet for all of our amazing feats, there is one thing we can't do: we can't save ourselves.

This is where the greatest hero of all! Introducing a carpenter from Galilee: Jesus Christ! Okay, so he couldn't fly, he didn't have a fancy car, he didn't have a colourful tights or a catchy theme song. He didn't need them. Just by doing his work, he proved he was more of a hero than any of those other spandex -clad heroes. In a sense, his life is the essential Horatio Alger tale: a man, born of poor parents, overcomes his humble beginnings and ends up becoming a great hero. All he needs is a flashy theme song. Or maybe not.

What I'm saying is that we can be heroes without all the fuss of making a flashy costume or a fancy *nom de voyage*. All we need is to follow the example that Christ set for us. By doing that, we can be people who others will look up to and be inspired to follow. And tell me, isn't that what being a hero is all about? Anyway, I should get going. My Superman suit is out of the dryer...



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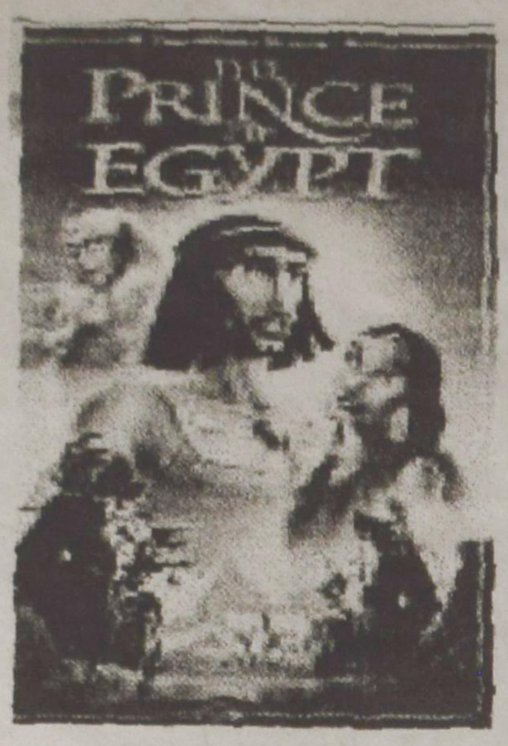
# THE DRAMA OF THE BIBLE

maggie vandermeer




The dramatization of Bible stories is something which has been going on since the medieval morality plays. One could argue that it started even earlier — with celebrations like the Passover feast in which the Israelites remembered the Exodus by reenacting the atmosphere of hurried preparation for their departure from Egypt. What was the purpose of this feast? God explains this in Exodus 12:24-27 where He says: "Obey these instructions as a lasting ordinance for you and your descendants. When you enter the land that the LORD will give you as he promised, observe this ceremony. And when your children ask you, 'What does this ceremony mean to you?' then tell them, 'It is the Passover sacrifice to the LORD, who passed over the houses of the Israelites in Egypt and spared our homes when he struck down the Egyptians.'" The Passover kept the story alive, and by its re-enactment it became part of the experience of subsequent generations. Of course, we no longer celebrate Passover. Instead, we celebrate the sacrifice of Christ — the final sacrificial lamb — in the Lord's Supper. In this sacrament, we also remember and experience anew Christ's sacrifice by engaging in the ritual — the reenactment of the Last Supper.

But what does all this have to do with the dramatization of Bible stories in the world of movies and theatre? Some would argue that they have little to do with each other and should be kept strictly apart. Passover and Lord's Supper are one thing, but *The Ten Commandments* or *The Prince of Egypt* are an entirely different matter. Of course, this is true — movies are not sacraments. Sacraments are so much more than just a remembrance. But remembrance can make us see the same old story in a new light, and it is also the part that can be easily picked up in well-done dramatizations of Bible stories. I chose *The Ten Commandments* and *The Prince of Egypt* as examples because I feel they are well done, especially considering the fact that they were produced by the secular media. I'd like to explore these two movies, and in particular *The Prince of Egypt,* to discover what it is about them that works so well.

Both movies are actually quite similar in effect (and subject matter), although I find that *The Ten Commandments* has a stronger focus on Moses as an individual and on special effects, while *The Prince of Egypt* emphasizes the fact that Moses is being used by God. I find this particularly interesting considering the fact that I've heard criticisms of *The Prince of Egypt* for being too humanistic. Of course, I've also heard prophetic warnings of McMoses burgers and plastic burning-bush treats-of-the-Week. And then there is the criticism that *The Prince of Egypt* makes God look bad by casting the Egyptians in a sympathetic light. And it digresses from the actual Biblical account. And it dramatizes the voice of God. And, and . . . . I had all my criticisms lined up before I even saw the movie. So, when I did see it, I was surprised by how good it was — artistically and theologically. While it digressed from the Biblical account on minor details, it remained true to the spirit of the story. So true, in fact, that it made me see things I'd never seen before. For example, I'd never realized that the first five plagues also affected the Israelites because they, too, had to be convinced of God's power. The movie also made me realize that the crossing of the Red Sea probably took much longer than I'd actually imagined — what a miracle! It makes you wonder how the Israelites could doubt God after experiencing that. It made me wonder how I could doubt God after he has shown his power in so many amazing ways.

*The Prince of Egypt*, like *The Ten Commandments,* also explores Moses' relationships with his Egyptian family. Some say this, too, has the effect of producing sympathy for the Egyptians and making God look bad for punishing them. However, I would argue, that *The Prince of Egypt* is very honest about how Moses may have felt. It is unlikely that Moses felt no attachment to his Egyptian family, and this is important to understand since it was probably a difficult test for Moses to be the means of their downfall. I think the movie was emphasizing that it was against Moses' will to hurt his Egyptian family, which makes it even more about God and less about humans. Moses trusts and obeys even when he doesn't understand. That in itself is a fundamental Christian teaching. As for making God look bad, I don't think that we have to sugar-coat the truth to make God more user-friendly. God is a just God who blesses and punishes. The movie quite dramatically shows the Egyptians killing Israelite babies, and makes it clear that the punishment brought down on them by God is a just punishment.

So, it is clear that the dramatization of a Bible story, done well, can have a very edifying effect. It can make us see things in a new light, realize things we had never noticed before, and most of all, it can make us remember what God has done.

The genre of Biblical dramatization (I just made that up) has so much potential that we as Christians should explore it further. Ironically, however, it is often the secular world that produces the best Biblical drama (a recent one-man show entitled "David" is an example of a Christian attempt in this genre. See Brett Dewing's review to discover how successful this attempt actually was). Why is that? Are we too afraid of meddling with the inspired Word? Or are we afraid of being honest about what's in the Bible because it might not be popular in a culture of humanism, individualism, relativism, and feminism? Do we have skeletons in our closets? Do we have something to hide? Can we really tell the world that there is a place called hell, and that people do go there? Let's take a cue from the honesty of *The Prince of Egypt* which turned out to be not that offensive after all. Let's

c

## "david"

brett dewing

On Saturday, September 18th, Bruce A Woods came to the Redeemer College Auditorium to present his original, one-man show "David." As a theatre student, this sounded like the perfect oppurtunity. I had been hearing buzz from the fourth-years about their one-mans coming up, I had been asked to stage manage one of tem, and had recently decided that I wished to put on a show of my own sometime this year for my own enjoyment. Here was an opportunity to see one in action by a master! A professional! Someone who knew what he was doing. Why do these assumptions leap into our brains? Why don't we instantly consider that it might just be an aging layperson recounting a Bible story on our stage? Wishful thinking, perhaps. Well, boys and girls, wishes don't always come true. Sometimes they just set you up for an hour and a half of disappointment.

When I arrived at the show, the auditorium seats were filled by some twenty people (by a generous count). This seemed especially bleak considering that the show had already technically started. As I perused my bulletin, I read several glowing reviews by critics. In retrospect, I wonder if those "critics" were being soft on the poor man, if they were under the assumption that anything Christian was good, or if they just knew nothing about what they wrote. But, enough pejorative foreshadowing. Why was the play so bad? Read on, my friend.

"One-man show." Let's examine the terminology in reverse. Show. This was perhaps the most redeeming of the three aspects. While being trite and on one-level, the script wasn't that bad once you relieved yourself of the belief that this was an actual theatrical endevour. It was, in fact, a church play–anathema to theater everywhere. Listen to most overlooked truth in today's artistic world: Christianity and art do not cancel each other out! A quality Christian play is entirely possible. If only people could accept that when they write these plays. But I digress somewhat. The script of "David" showed definite research and gave the audience a much cleared picture of the story of David's sin with Bathsheba. In this, it was a success. I certainly left with a better understanding of the tragic story and its meaning for us today. When we see that our sins are as weighty as David's, we marvel all the more at the fantastic forgiving power of God! That was communicated well.

(CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE)

*CALLIOPE'S COLUMN:*
*Calliope is the muse of epic poetry. This is a column reserved for student poetry.*

## the eyes of one

jennifer veenstra

From a dark cloth with tiny holes
Come visit a world where the sun shines
The ice melts, the ground moves.
Where I take my walk each day.
On the street are swollen bellies
Of life within a child.
The doctor says: wrong's all right,
Injects the needle with a smile.
The beggars ask for more money,
So they can get away.
The bruises of an animal on the paper doll
Denied, denied.

A flood of dissipation, strange
That I do not plunge in with them.
The truth inside - struggles to breathe
As I stumble down this road
To prove my worth, to make a name.
To protest is not a benefit -
A rough hand on my shoulder.
Reconciliation with my world around
Not a consolation - I need to stand on solid ground.
I need some solid ground.

Slain, askew, and ripped,
Be careful not to trip on death, and
Lies and visions of ill monstrosity.
Go back,
This place is not for you.
Soon I'll sit by the sea
And Hope's castaway will find me.
Its castaway will find me.

## touch

judith byl

you say
everything will be fine.
stop it.
i know by now
that the world is black
just take my face
between your hands
and touch me
with your eyes
and my world
will fade to blue

# Pages From A Redeemer Students' Journal

BY "ALEX COWPER"

Welcome to another new 'regular' column in the Crown. This is the first in series of journal entries written by a Redeemer student. Hi. My name is Alex Cowper. You see me often in the halls. I may even be in some of your classes. I am going to allow you a peek into some of the pages of my journal. It is not that I think you will find my life specifically so fascinating, but I see my life as a small part of "normal life" at Redeemer, and that may hold some interest for you, I hope. By the end of the school year, some of you may have figured out who I am. Some of you already know. Some of you never will and are not bothered by that. In any case, here it is, and I hope you enjoy it.

"Always do what you are afraid to do." Emerson said that, I believe. Well, I'll tell you what I'm afraid to do: face this semester. Alex, you're writing to yourself again. Well, this is my journal...what else would I be doing? Never mind. Emerson makes it sound so easy. But then, he wasn't facing the semester that I am. I just finished plotting out my semester in my calendar. When I saw all the star stickers and ink on October and November, I just about cried. What is wrong with university students, anyway? We torture ourselves with assignments, stress, sleeplessness, pressure, deadlines, and over-activity for eight months of the year for four or five years of our lives, and then say "Yup, those were the best years of my life." And it's not only the school work. Oh no...that's not the half of it. I mean, relationships, much as I love my friends, are stressful. Okay, they are more rewarding than they are stressful, but still.... And then there's the extra-curricular activities we rope ourselves into. Why? Because we think it's fun. Why? That is probably one of the essential mysteries of human existence.

But enough moping about the work load. I wouldn't be here if I didn't love it. Right outside of my bedroom door, some of my dorm-mates are having a belching contest. How's that for putting things in perspective? It's very hard to stay serious with noises like that drifting in from the sitting area. I guess I'll survive the semester. Come to think of it, I guess I really don't have many options, do I? The only other option would be to *not* survive the semester, and that would be a little sad, wouldn't it? There I go, asking myself rhetorical questions again. I think I've been in English class too long....

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. . .continued from page six

Man. The man to which this refers is, contrary to my assumptions, not an actor. He attempted to infuse his four roles (David, Nathan, Joab, Achitophel) with different psychological profiles and personalities. It just didn't happen. Every character was simply Bruce A Woods talking excitedly to the audience about "his" experiences in the story of David. A simplistic costume device was used to differentiate between the roles, and without this they would not have been distinguishable.

One. True, Mr. Woods was the only actor in the production. However, four women performed Hebrew dance circles throughout. This could have worked, but, as with the rest of the play, it just didn't. The dances were not only simplistic and (painfully) repetitive, they were wedged into a production with al the grace and art of an aria on "the Cosby Show."

In short, this play would not be out of place in a church service, but as a theatrical experience it was a marked disappointment. It is my fervent hope that none of the Theatre students I saw there picked up hints for their one-mans, which promise to be much more satisfying.

c

## UPCOMING ARTS SCHEDULE

Events at Redeemer

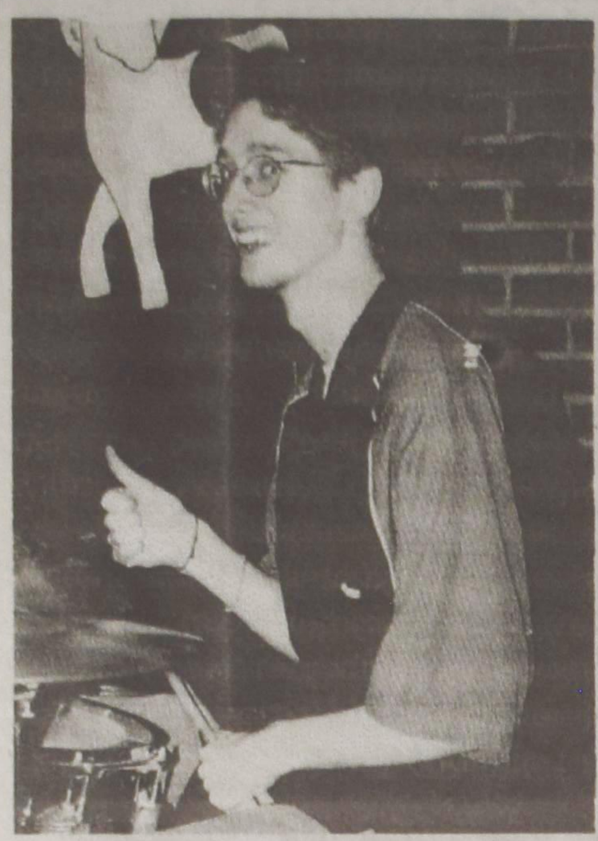
| Date: | Event: |
|---|---|
| October 15 | Organ recital: Dave VanBrugge and Dave Vanden Berg |
| Oct 21 — Nov 6 | Guest Artist: Linda Schenk-Wiesner |

Other Events

| Date: | Event: |
|---|---|
| Every Thurs, Fri, Sat | Slainte Irish Pub: Celtic and Folk music — 33 Bowen St. Hamilton — 528-8000 |
| Autumn | Stratford Festival: Westside Story, Dracula, Tempest — 1-800-567-1600 |
| October | Hamilton Public Library: The Creation: Painting by Claudio Contursi, also Paintings by Maria Musial — in Gallery on 5. |
| Oct 15 — Nov 7 | Red Mill Dinner Theatre (Hamilton): Welcome to the Moon by John Patrick Shanley — 528-2699. |

## CHURCH OUT OF THE BOX

ken dryfhout



Ah... the comfort of being a Christian. I feel good, God put me where I am and I'm in the groove. If things stay just this way, life will be good... Little secret... God doesn't want us to get too comfortable. When we claim new ground in Christ, it is easy to slip into 'the groove'. Israel knew this well; *I took care of you in the wilderness, in that dry land. But when you had eaten and were satisfied, then you became proud and forgot me* (Hosea 13: 5-6). When God gives us something and we are satisfied with it we often think we have arrived where God wants us.

There is no 'groove' in the Christian life. When God helps us gain something in our life, it is a foundation for further growth. We have not reached our goal. The Christian life is practically synonymous with trials, continually stretching our character making us dependent on God. If we feel just fine where we are and have been for some time, we may not be accepting the challenges God is giving to us. *The testing of your faith develops perseverance* (James 1: 3b). What perseverance will we gain if we allow our Christianity to be enclosed within parameters which allow our faith to be easy and stagnant? Often our monthly "Church in the Box" gives people what they need for that moment. For some it is the one time of "praise and worship" a month, for some it is the event in the month that will get them back on track. And "Church in the Box" with so many other things becomes routine. Our own Redeemer College becomes a spiritual box. We have our comfort zone that we easily operate in.

We are within a box, but God wants to burst out of it. Redeemer should be shining so brght that Ancaster, Ontario,

Canada and the world will know we're here. If people can simply ignore the presence of this institution something is wrong. Did you know that there is a Christian high school just down the road where Christians are being persecuted? What!!?? Our 'wonderful community' isn't even effecting the 'Christian' school down the road. Last year (and possibly this one) there was a *Howard Stern* bus where the kids listened to *The Howard Stern Show* every morning. If anyone said anything to discourage this,

### *redeemer college becomes a spiritual box*

hey were mocked and ridiculed. Other stories feature Christians being physically persecuted because they chose to live their faith. Come on Redeemer! What's up? We need to be there, mentoring these kids. Showing them that being a Christian isn't only cool, it is the coolest. Do something about it.

We want to fit into our box at times, we want to be liked by the world, and we want everyone to be comfortable, but that is not possible. Most of all, we are not allowed to be comfortable; we cannot get settled; we are not home. We have one purpose; to bring glory to our Father. We do not have time for comfort zones. We do have a choice, either we allow God to bring revival or he will burs out of the box we have put Him in without our permission. He doesn't need it, by the way. He can and will do far more than we expect Him to, or want Him to. He'll do more with our lives than we expect too.

We remain captive when we stay within our comfort zones. Freedom only comes by giving every move and word to the control of the Spirit. Perhaps none of us will reach that before we reach glory, but it must be our goal. Paul went to Jerusalem knowing that he would be seized and possibly killed. Yet he went. We must seek deeply to follow the leading of the Spirit every minute of every day. There is not time for anything else, our lives are not our own.

God is doing new things in our time. He always wants to give us new things. However, we get so attached to the old that fear grips us. We justify where we are. We ignore the voice of God or say it isn't God. Not accepting the new becomes fine. If we do not allow God to take over our whole selves we will miss out on the awesome freedom of being a Christian. People need to crave what you have. Are they? Or do you look just like every one else in a crowd? Think about it. Get out of the box. Let's live like it's church every day, out of the box, praising continually, affecting the neighbourhood, the city, the province, the country, and the world. Let our lives, our college, and the joy that extends out of our college reflect the joyous party that is being prepared for us.

jesus tender shepherd hear us bless your little lamb tonight
while the darkness lies around us keep us safe til morning light
amen

## LIVING OUR FAITH

ruth devries

I am having a great time talking to God and reading my Bible. As the minutes tick by, I wonder what I have to show for my relationship with God. Sure, I benefit from it, but does anyone else? This thought lingers in my head as I ponder the importance of fruit in our lives.

We are made to be holy because God is holy (1 Peter 1:16) and to be Jesus' representative in this world. Jesus did spend time with God while he was here in human form, but most of his time was spent with other people. He was constantly sharing what God told him to say. Jesus' ministry always flowed out of his relationship with his father God. The same should be for us. We were created to maintain an intimate relationship with God. This relationship is supposed to affect our outlook on life. Acting on what we say that we believe is also included. Is your faith in God just your faith, or is everything in your life influenced, even transformed by this faith? Are you pursuing the real God or settling into saying that you have a faith? What is faith?

From the beginning of time, our relationship with God and the blessings we receive were meant to be channeled through us directly to others. The blessings we receive are to be shared with those who have never had the chance to hear yet. This channeling does not happen by some kind of supernatural phenomenon that we cannot control or be a part of. God's work through us is not some invisible force. Jesus clearly said in Matthew 16:15 to go into all the world and preach the good news to all creation. So, does that mean that we have to go to Botswana or India to find someone that has never heard? Not necessarily, but it does mean that we are to be preaching the good news everywhere we go and in whatever we do. The fruit of faith and a relationship with God is not sitting in Church every Sunday. Even our participation in church is not our faith. Rather, our faith and fruit is seen and relevant when we actively represent Jesus in ALL that we do and say!

So, now what? A challenge awaits you! Don't sit down and wait for the opportunity to fall into your lap. Seek the opportunities out so that you can be a channel for God's blessings to other people. Passionately participate in the faith that you profess!!!

THIS IS A FROM A PAINTING BY TEKENINGEN VAN KEES DE KORT AND IS ENTITLED "JEZUS, HELP ME!"

## WHAT IS GOD TRYING TO TELL YOU?

tim meloche

This is my first year here at Redeemer, and I must say that I have had mixed emotions. Initially I felt out of place. It seemed as if I didn't belong. As the weeks passed, I began to feel more and more at home. The one thing that has impressed me most is the views of the professors. If you had told me a year ago that I would be learning about evolution in biology, I would have been shocked. I have gone to a Christian school all of my life, so I guess you could say that I have been sheltered from a lot of secular views. That is what is so awesome about this school. Not only do they teach us the way we should live and show us how they as Christians believe, but they also teach us how the world views things and gives us insight on what the world believes. That's amazing. How could we ever expect to reach a lost and dying world unless we know what they believe and we know of some of the things they go through which we don't? God has commanded us to go into the world and to preach the Gospel. That's what we are being prepared to do. That's not saying that every one of us will be a missionary to a foreign country, or a pastor. In fact very few of us will. That's probably not the reason you came to Redeemer. We are being prepared though. Each one of us will know how to relate as a Christian in whatever field we pursue.

One other thing that I have learned since I've been here being that denominations are not the answer. One is not better than the other. Just because one is Reformed and one is Charismatic doesn't mean that one is any better or closer to God. If none of us have a personal relationship with God, we will all end up in the same place. I think the highlight of my time here was the time my whole dorm sat in a circle and prayed. Eight people. Eight churches. One God. That's the way it should be. I challenge you with that. Check yourself when you talk with other people. Do you automatically think that what you have been taught is right? I think that God has many things to teach us. We just need to be willing and receptive to what he has to show us.

c

## shamalla

I remember when I was younger I would close my eyes really tight, focus on God and earnestly pray that God would do something, anything, just to show me He is alive and that He would. I wanted to know what it felt like to be standing in His presence like Isaiah, or to know Him like Moses who laughed and even reasoned with Him. In other words I wanted to see and know the heart of God. I would sit for an hour, even two at a time and wish and pray for my 'miracle' but nothing spectacular ever happened. I have come a long way since that time. I have learnt a lot about God and prayer. I now know that I don't command what happens - He does, and that my prayers have to be within His will. Most of all I have learnt that the heart of God, is man.

Its amazing how many people nowadays speak of God and Jesus. Everyone, I found out, is searching for the heart of God. Reading through the Bible and Jesus' life on earth I have come to realize how important man is to God. I don't mean He cant do without us but I mean He chooses not to do without us because of how much He loves. I have also come to realize why Jesus' greatest commandments are Love your God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself. I know its important to God not just how much we love Him but also how much we love His people. People were not the reason He came to earth, but it was for those people that He endured scorn, pain and humiliation, for those people that He died and rose again.

If we are serious about finding the heart of God we need to evaluate our relationships again and ask ourselves how we are treating the people God has brought into our lives? Are they mere stepping stones to what we want? Do we only love those that are the 'in' people to love? Do we see and use people as means to our own end or do we love them unconditionally like we would like to be loved? Jesus is a perfect example of true love, what did He do with the immoral woman that everyone wanted to get rid of (and one more at the well), His enemies that at one time tried to kill Him, the vile tax collectors, the rambunctious madman and the appalling woman that touched his garment? He loved them. He did not need to tell them what they were for they knew, they needed a friend not a judge and, His love changed them.

I know its God's will for all His children to know that they are lovable no matter what the world tells them. Many of us want to do great big things for God but we don't realize the greatest, biggest thing we could do for Him is love the people right next to us. We need to look into our relationships repeatedly and ask the Holy Spirit to help us see once again, what Jesus sees when He looks at our brothers and to love them for who they truly are.

Its time to get out there and love somebody. I pray that as you do this you will come to know and understand Gods love in a deeper and greater way than you ever did before. You may be the only Jesus the person next to you will ever know.

Blessings, Shamalla

## thoughts on a mountain river

judith byl

*To the one who throws lightening and rolls*
*thunder, who set the earth on its foundations*
*and sent his son to save creation:*
*thank you.*
*thank you for pushing*
*slabs of tectonic plates*
*up to the sky*
*into breathless beauty.*
*thank you also*
*for painting thin white lines*
*onto a grey pebble.*
*thank you that stones*
*that fit into my pocket*
*proclaim your name*
*as proudly*
*and*
*as clearly*
*as*
*mighty*
*mountains.*

kyle bryant

justin allen

# VARSITY TEAMS

This year the Redeemer Varsity sports are anticipating an incredible year. The tryouts showcased some incredible talent, making the coaches job of picking the teams incredibly hard. The Varsity sports that are played at Redeemer this year are Men's and Women's soccer, volleyball, and basketball. Men's golf is also on the roster.

The men's soccer team, however, has gotten off to a rough start. The men have had some difficulty in keeping up with incredible opposition that the other teams have fielded. They have progressed as a team and as individuals. Already, they new skills to exhibit and are eager to try them out. And like all of Redeemer, they know how to balance serious attitudes with fun. "Our soccer team is having more fun than any other team in the league," says Justin Colyn, one of the best defensive players on the team. The soccer team has a tough road ahead of them to victory. But I know, and the rest of the team knows, that they are going to get better and win some games.

The men's golf team has also gotten under way. They had their first match September 29, 1999 and played very well according to the coach and players. James, one of the players, said he did not have a great game but it was fun being with his friends and representing Redeemer College.

The men's volleyball team is also looking forward to a great season. While they have not played any games yet, but the talent that was exhibited at the beach volleyball tourney bodes ill for their upcoming opposition. The volleyball team consists of a large number of talented guys who can really hammer a ball. Way to go guys, keep up the great serves and volleys.

*Yah, look at Redeemer go!*

The men's basketball has begun with an awesome start. The tryouts went on for almost 2 weeks, but with the talent the coach saw he could not tell whom he wanted to keep or not keep. The team mostly consists of guys from last year; however, they have added two new freshmen. Justin Allen is a freshman who has dreamed of playing varsity ball in college and now has accomplished this goal. The other freshmen this year is Pete Markus who also had the same goal. This year's team will be a good one and these guys will give there all for God and will enjoy themselves also.

The women's soccer team has gotten off to an excellent start. Their win-loss ratio stands at 1 and 2, with one tie. The girls have focused their goals on the Lord and have done their job. The women's soccer team has had some outstanding games due to the incredible talent and team attitude displayed by the players.

## CALENDAR

### Men's Soccer

| Home Games | Away Games |
|---|---|
| Oct 1 –Lambton 7PM | Oct 7 Mohawk 4:30pm |
| Oct 12 George Brown 5pm | Oct 20 Humber 4:30 |

### Women's Soccer

| Home Games | Away Games |
|---|---|
| Oct 1 Lambton 5pm | Oct 7 Mohawk 5pm |
| Oct 2 St. Clair 12pm | Oct 19 Humber 4:30 |

### Men's Volleyball

| Home Games | Away Games |
|---|---|
| Oct 23 Boreal 2pm | Nov 3 Humber 8pm |
| Nov 19 Canbrian 8pm | Nov 10 Mohawk 8pm |

### Women's Volleyball

| Home Games | Away Games |
|---|---|
| Oct 4 Medaille 6pm | Nov 10 Mohawk 6:30 |
| Oct 21 Confederation 9pm | Nov 26 Sault 2pm |

### Men's Basketball

| Home Games | Away Games |
|---|---|
| Oct 27 Conestoga 6pm | Oct 13 Sheridan 7:30 |
| Nov 3 Lambton 6pm | Nov 26 Sault 6:30pm |

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

One of the toughest players that the team and students have talked about is jennifer "Phynn" Lindgren. She has dedicated her self to the soccer team and has given her all, say many people in Redeemer College. Phynn also is involved in many activities outside of school. Phynn has been named this week's female athlete of the year. She is also trying out for Varsity basketball and once again is giving her all to do the best she can. "Phynn is the nicest and the most dedicated person that I have seen and she has always done her best, because that is all she knows how to do," says Kyle Bryant.

*Lindgren: 2nd year Soccer*

*Colyn: 1st year Soccer*

This week's male athlete of the week for Varsity sports is William Justin Colyn. Justin plays Varsity soccer and has enjoyed the challenges the game has thrown at him. Justin is originally from Woodstock, Canada but then moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan. Justin then came back to Canada to come to Redeemer College where he has enjoyed himself. Justin is a member of the L-Train a.k.a. Dorm 34.

Congratulations, you guys are real athletes.

# CLUB SPORTS

CLUB SPORTS

## SOCCER TEAMS STAT'S

MEN'S
Wins: 0
Loses: 5

WOMEN'S
Wins: 1
Loses: 2
Ties: 1

*Another of year of Redeemer College has begun and with it so have club sports. The different club sports that are offered are men's basketball, men's volleyball, and women's volleyball. The choices have already been made and practices are under way. This year there were 15 guys who tried out for men's basketball, but the final cut could only include 12 of them However, the coach was rather pleased with the effort that all the guys brought forth. On the men's and women's volleyball team there were also a large number of participants who tried out as well. Again some were due to be disappointed. The amount of talent that Redeemer has is all out of proportion to the number of students that we actually have.*

*So far from what I have seen in our club sports, I can tell that we are going to have a great year. The year kicked off to a good start and all the teams have a lot to look forward too. Moreover, in order to do well in any sport you must keep God first. As a verse for all who are playing sports or not playing sports; Philipians 4:13...I can do all things through God who strengthens me.*

## Club Player Of The Week

*Every issue of the club sports will have a player of the week. A male and female will be featured in each issue from the various club teams of Redeemer.*

*This week's female athlete is Karen Wheaton, a member of women's club volleyball. She's from Nova Scotia and always had a desire to play volleyball in college. She choose club over varsity due to the fact that club fit into her schedule better than varsity. Karen Wheaton was very active in her high school sports teams, where she played on the volleyball team every year. She also competed in the 2 on 2 volleyball tournament, winning the first game and losing the second the first game and losing the second. So as sports writers we would like to say good job to Karen Wheaton, and way to go on fulfilling your goal.*

*Wheaton:*
*1st year*
*Volleyball*

*Bakker:*
*1st year*
*Guitar*
*Cool guy*

*This week's male athlete has not tried out for much this year but gives his heart to all he does. He is an awesome guitar player, but most of all he is awesome at some of the sports that he does. This week's male athlete is a cool guy and he does all he can for the Lord. He also is in Dorm 34 a.k.a. the L-Train and everyone loves him. Julian Bakker is a cool guy and he has done so much this week to be placed as the athlete of the week..Julian like everyone else we love you and you are the coolest.... Way to go man...*

*That will do it for the club sports page and in the following weeks to come we will have some scores and we will also have the pictures of the athletes of the week. So we would like to say way to go to all the teams and also we would like to say Congratulations...to all of the athletes of the week.*

A young woman was preparing a ham dinner. After she off the end of the ham, she placed it in a pan for baking. Her friend asked her,"Why did you cut off the end of the ham"? And she replied ,"I really don't know but my mother always did, so I thought you were supposed to."

Later when talking to her mother, the young woman asked her why she cut off the end of the ham before baking it, and her mother replied,"I really don't know, but that's the way my mom always did it."

A few weeks later while visiting her grandmother , the young woman asked, "Grandma, why is it that you cut off the end of a ham before you bake it?" Her grandmother replied ,"Well dear, it would never fit into my baking pan."

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A little old Jewish lady is flying out of New York City on her way to Miami Beach. She looks at the businessman sitting next to her and asks him, "Excuse me sir, but are you Jewish?"

The man responds politely, "No, ma'am, I'm not Jewish."

After a little while she again queries him, "You're really Jewish, aren't you?"

Again he responds, "No ma'am, I am not Jewish."

Barely 10 minutes later, the little old lady asks him once more, "Are you sure you're not Jewish?"

To which in exasperation, and in a final effort to shut her up, he replies, "Okay. Yes, ma'am, I am Jewish."

"Funny," she says, looking puzzled, "you don't look Jewish!"

randy elzinga

Sandy began a job as an elementary school counselor and she was eager tohelp. One day during recess she noticed a girl standing by herself on oneside of a playing field while the rest of the kids enjoyed a game of soccerat the other.

Sandy approached and asked if she was all right.

The girl said she was.

A little while later, however, Sandy noticed the girl was in the same spot, still by herself.

Approaching again, Sandy offered, "Would you like me to be your friend?"

The girl hesitated, then said, "Okay," looking at the woman suspiciously.

Feeling she was making progress, Sandy then asked, "Why are you standing here all alone?"

"Because," the little girl said with great exasperation, "I'm the goalie!"

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Two men are being chased by a bear which is rapidly gaining on them. The first man stops to put on some running shoes.

"I don't know why you're bothering," screams the second "we've got no chance of outrunning a grizzly!"

"I don't need to outrun him," returns the first "all I've got to do is outrun you!"

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After spending 3-1/2 hours enduring the long lines, surly clerks and insane regulations at the Department of Motor Vehicles, I stopped at a toy store to pick up a gift for my son.

I brought my selection - a baseball bat - to the cash register.

"Cash or charge?" the clerk asked.

"Cash," I snapped. Then apologizing for my rudeness , I explained , "I've spent the afternoon at the motor-vehicle bureau."

"Shall I gift wrap the bat?" the clerk asked sweetly. "Or are you going back there?"

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A doctor vacationing on the Riviera met an old lawyer friend and asked him what he was doing there. The lawyer replied, "Remember that lousy real estate I bought? Well, it caught fire, so here I am with the fire insurance proceeds. What are you doing here?"

The doctor replied, "Remember that lousy real estate I had in Mississippi? Well, the river overflowed, and here I am with the flood insurance proceeds."

The lawyer looked puzzled. "Gee," he asked, "how do you start a flood?"

# Quotes

email: backside@alpha.redeemer.on.ca

"I think I was just moved by the Holy Spirit. Oh wait, that can't happen. I'm Free Reformed. It has to go through a committee first." Dan Van Minnen.

"Every day it gets harder to tell the difference between Jimmy Vermeer and Ray Louter" Harold Alkema.

"Didn't you guys win once? ...Or did you score once?" Jeremy Veldman inquiring as to the performance of the Redeemer College soccer team.

"I guess if one person farts, all three of them can smell it." Phil Tamming commenting on the triple bunk bed in Masada (The Presidents House).

"I guess if I'm going to evolve, I want to evolve into something green!" Mrs. Chiang in BIO 101.

"I like a man with bulges everywhere." Lorraine Dykstra.

"It's a scientific fact. It just hasn't been proven yet." Mark Stahle.

"Well, ok, whatever melts your butter." Prof. H. Cook in ENG 222.

"Hickey's belong on your neck Emily." Prof. H Cook to Emily Camiré when she had a large bruise on her forehead.

*the last word...*

TATTOO'S AT REDEMER: DO THEY BELONG? OR ARE THEY AS OUT OF PLACE AS AN PACIFIST AT A GUN CONVENTION?

*next time...*

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